

THE REVIEW
IS ISSUED
SATURDAY MORNINGS,
—BY—
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STOCK OF FURNITURE
South of Portland.
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PORTLAND, OREGON.

VOL. IX.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1885.

NO. 42.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"My little world is very small,
Scarce worth your notice, sir, at all,"
The mother said.
"My good, kind husband as you see,
And these three children at my knee,
Who to me are so interestingly
For daily bread."
"For their sweet sake who love me so,
I keep the fire-light in a glow,
In our dear home."
That, though the tempests roar outside,
And fiercely threaten far and wide,
Dear feet that roam.

"And as the merry kettle boils,
We welcome him who daily toils,
For us each day.
Of true love kisses full a score
He gets, I'm certain, if not more.
When four eyes meet him at the door,
At twilight gray."

"One gets the slippers for his feet,
Another leads him to his seat—
The big arm chair—
And while the children round him sing,
And make the dear old rattle ring,
One little daughter owns him king
With blossoms fair."

"Ah, sir, we are not rich or great,
The owners of a vast estate."
"But we have better than gold,
Contentment, and a little fold
As full of love as I can hold,
With daily bread."

"Mrs. M. A. Kuller in N. Y. Ledger."
NATHAN'S LESSON.
Taught by a Sensitive and "Blessed
Old Maid."

"There is no other way, Clara. I am
the only relative she has left, and we
must invite her here for the winter,
anyhow. She and John stayed with
father and mother while I was roaming
here and there. Now they are all gone,
Martha's alone, and it's no more than
right for me to look out for her awhile.
I'll write immediately."

"Yes, Nathan; that is right I know,
but I can't help reading it. I always
had a horror of 'old maids.' And Mrs.
Tracy looked nervously around the plain
kitchen of the little farm-house.
"You needn't be afraid of Martha;
she isn't very old, and I venture to say
none of the prying, disagreeable old
maids we read of."

In spite of his reassuring words, Mrs.
Tracy dreaded the arrival of her hus-
band's maiden sister, who he had not
seen since the day he left his New En-
gland home to try his fortune in the
west.
But, as Clara soon discovered, there
was nothing to fear from the quiet, sad-
faced woman who came to them, whose
life had been so full of devotion to
others, and noble self-sacrifice, that
there had been some of life's
hardest and bitterest, some of life's
sweetest blessings had been denied her.
The children, Bert and Mabel
and baby Ray, with the unerring instinct
of childhood, felt the depth of her quiet
kindness, and took her at once into their
loving little hearts.

Miss Tracy, although wholly unob-
trusive, was naturally very observant.
This, together with the interest she felt
in her brother's family led her, before
she had been many weeks an inmate of
his house, to make a discovery.
Nathan, in his desire to get on in the
world, was missing much that would
have made life pleasant. In thinking so
constantly of the future, he was losing
all the sweetness of the present. That
this was affecting the whole family was
only too apparent. It was seen in
Clara's anxious, weary face, and re-
peated in a less degree upon the coun-
tenances of their children.

There seemed to be no rest for any of
them. No relaxation in the struggle for
existence. Nothing to vary the wearing
monotony of every-day labor, which,
like some huge juggernaut, was crush-
ing beneath its wheels all that might
have made life sweet and pleasant.
Martha shrank from interfering with
the habits of her brother's family, but
looking ahead, she saw for them nothing
but sorrow and disappointment, and
felt that something must be done to save
them.

Watching for an opportunity to talk
alone with Nathan, she gladly accepted his
invitation one morning to ride with
him to town.
They were rolling rapidly over the
level prairie road, when Martha broke the
silence.
"It is truly exhilarating to ride in this
bracing air, and these fine roads, es-
pecially so nice a 'rig,' as you call it.
The buggy is easy and the horses
really fine animals. You must be doing
well now, Nathan."

"I suppose I am, Martha; but it has
been a hard pull, with losing crops,
sickness, etc. We're in debt yet, but
with hard work and economy I guess
we can make it up in another year."
"Then what will come next?"
"I intend to have a nice large barn,
and some choice cattle; then I shall
build a good house and prepare to take
comfort. There isn't a better farm than
mine for miles around, and I must
make the best improvements possible.
Then, some day, we'll have the best of
everything."
"But who will share it all with you?"
"Why, my family, of course!" opening
his eyes wide with astonishment.
"All except Clara, you mean," sol-
emnly.
"Thy, Martha, how you talk. It is
for her I'm working—who else, I'd like
to know?"
"Now, Nathan, just take a few plain
words from your sister, who means
only kindness. I've had experience,
and, in my judgment, Clara hasn't vi-
tality enough to take her through an
other year of hard work. I have your
interests at heart, and would not need-
lessly arouse your fears; but I am con-
vinced that your wife is wearing out.
She must rest from this constant labor,
or your children will soon be mother-
less."

"Suppose I am; what then?"
"How much would it cost to send her
back to Ohio for the winter? I can
keep house."
"Simply out of the question. She
wouldn't go anyhow, Martha."
"I thought you didn't know it; but
she is as homesick as a child to see her
father and mother. She hasn't said so,
she never complains, but an unutterable
longing fills her eyes, and quick tears
when she speaks of them. Sure of your
consent and my willingness to keep
house for her, she would go gladly."
"And you think it would do her
good?"
"Undoubtedly, and it would be the
cheapest medicine you could give her,
and the surest. Think it over a day or
so, Nathan."

That evening Martha was not sur-
prised to see a startled, anxious look on
her brother's face, as he closely re-
garded his wife, whenever he thought
himself unobserved. Husbands are
often the blindest of all persons in re-
gard to their wives, but Nathan was
convinced.
That night when they were alone, he
suddenly exclaimed:
"Clara, how would you like to visit
your mother this fall?"

She looked at him a moment in
silence, then a wave of crimson swept
over her pale face. Then, turning away,
she said, brokenly:
"Don't talk about it, Nat; I know we
can't afford it, and I'd rather not speak
of it."

"But we can afford it, and Martha is
willing to keep house for me. Now do
you want to go, dear?"
There was an unconscious tone of re-
proach in his voice, and a look of pain
in his face which she could not under-
stand.

"O, Nathan!" she sobbed, with her face
hidden on his shoulder, "don't imagine
that I love you any less, or am tired
of our little home; but I do want to go.
Just now there is nothing in the world I
want so much as to see father and
mother."

"Well, then, you shall go, little wife.
Don't cry so; I didn't know you cared
so much; but that settles it, you shall
go."
After Mrs. Tracy and the baby were
gone, Martha looked around the un-
furnished rooms and resolved that
there should be something new, some-
thing bright and pretty, to welcome back
the home-keeper. The "front room"
had never been furnished, but after con-
sidering her resources, she thought
she could manage it, if she could per-
suade Nathan into buying a carpet.

"A carpet? why Martha!" he ex-
claimed at her proposal, too astonished
to say more.
"What was Clara's old home like?"
You don't want her to notice too sharp
a contrast on her return," said the
sister, thoughtfully.
"I may get a carpet," thoughtfully;
"but so many other things would have
to follow."

"Nat, when father and mother died,
we were going to divide things, but you
had no home then, and while John and I
stayed, everything remained the same.
When I came here, I sold or packed
everything, and there is a big box for
you, which is on the way out here. Be-
sides bedding and clothing, there are
pictures, vases, curtains, a table-spread
and some of mother's nice rugs. They
will help furnish the room. I guess
you can afford to buy a cane-seat rocker
and two chairs, and we'll make the rest."

"I'd like to know how."
There were two bottomless chests in
the garret; I will empty the frames,
cushion seat and back, and have John
embroider and heavy fringe they
will be handsome. That old rocker
which is forever coming to pieces can
be mended and treated likewise, minus
the rockers, and you'll have an easy-
chair. A pine table which you can
make, stained and varnished, and cov-
ered with the spread, will do nicely."

"Well, it sounds practicable, I'll help
all I can."
"There will be ottomans to make, a
mantle to put up, and a cornice for the
curtains. It will take our spare time
for all winter, but how pleased Clara
will be!"
"I intend to have everything nice for
her some day."

"Yes, Nat; but a woman must have
something to live on in the meantime.
There's a love of the beautiful in every
woman's heart, and it must be satisfied.
If surrounded by grand scenery, your
mind can feed on that; but here, in this
level monotonous country, I believe the
home should be very bright and at-
tractive."

"There may be some truth in that,
but I never thought of that before,"
replied Nathan.
"It is not common for a man to think
about the home as a woman does, for
he mingles with the world, while most
of her hours are spent inside the four
walls. Clara had no time to fix up any-
thing; that baby was a sight of trouble;
but if you and the children help, we can
do wonders."

And they did. When Clara came
home, four months later, she scarcely
knew the place.
"Come and look at your wife," whis-
pered Martha, when Nathan had fin-
ished the chores and was ready for a
happy evening.
There she was in the pretty room,
chatting with the children. Joy and
gladness shone through her face, which
had lost its sharpness and pallor, and
there was an elasticity in her move-
ments which recalled her girlhood.
"She looks ten years younger, Martha;
and if I can help it she shall never work
so again. You've taught me a lesson I'll
not forget. We'll take all the comfort
we can now if we never get a big house."

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

A Race of Savages without Hope of Re-
demption—Horrible Tales of Crimes and
Superstition.
Sir Spencer St. John has just written
a book on the Hayti savages. He says
the inhabitants were and savages they
are likely to remain, indulging in all
the horrible rites and acts of cannibal-
ism. There are many restrictions which
the whites have to contend with in all
commercial transactions, besides the
unfairness of the laws; in brief, there
are no laws framed that afford pro-
tection to the white. This rule is carried
to such an extent that Judges are afraid
to give a verdict in favor of a foreigner,
no matter what crime the black may
have committed. The dreadful mes-
sages that took place during the revolu-
tion are related with minute accuracy,
and the only man who had any humani-
ty in his composition was Toussaint, the
hero of the time, who with the true in-
stinct of a General, foresaw that his
undisciplined forces could not cope with
which the perfect discipline of the European
troops. He, therefore, in 1795, formed four
regiments of two thousand men each,
whom he had drilled daily by French
soldiers, his former prisoners. "During
the continuous fighting, which occu-
pied a considerable period, Toussaint
showed great magnanimity and control,
and the most bloodthirsty—the negroes
or the mulattoes. "When the decree
was issued by Dessalines that mulatto
children should inherit the estates of
their white fathers, two young men
met, and one said to the other, 'you
kill my father, and I will kill yours.'
The result was a duel, and the victor
possessed of the estates." Now for a
black example. "A negro General,
grandfather of a lady I knew in Hayti,
went to Dessalines after the appearance
of the decree, to murder the white
French left in the island, and said:
'Emperor, I have obeyed your decree,
and I have killed my father's death.'
"Excellent Haytian," answered Dessalines,
"but an infernal scoundrel. If ever
again you present yourself before me I
will have you shot."

No portion of the book is more inter-
esting and so likely to prove the retro-
grade condition of the people than the
description of the horrors of cannibal-
ism and its attendant horrors of can-
ibalism. The obscenity of the rites and
the hideous practices are best described
in the author's own words: "A child has
been stolen for the purpose of making a
feast. She was thrown on the ground,
and the savages, with their bloody
whirls, the papal pressed her throat
and the others held her legs and arms;
her struggles soon ceased, as Floreal
had succeeded in strangling her. Then
Jeanne handed him a large knife, with
which he cut off Clairette's head, the
assistant cutting off the head of the
other Floreal is said to have inserted an
instrument under the child's skin, and
detached it from the body. Having
succeeded in slaying their victim, the
flesh was cut off from the bones and
placed in large wooden dishes; the en-
tire and in white with the blood of the
victim. The whole party then started
for Floreal's house, carrying the re-
mains of their victim with them. On
their arrival Jeanne rang a little
bell, and a procession was formed;
the head borne aloft, and a sac-
red song sung. Then prepared to
eat, and the feast began."

"Jeanne cooked the flesh with congo beans,
small and rather blither (poco poongo),
while Floreal put the head into a pot
with yams, to make some soup. While
the others were engaged in the kitchen,
one of the women present, Roselle,
aunt of the victim, was busy with the
preparation of a cannibal, out from the child's palm
a piece of flesh and ate it raw (this I
heard her vow in open court). The
cooking over, portions of the prepared
dish were handed round, of which all
present partook, and the soup being
ready, it was divided among the assis-
tants, who, with the blood of the victim,
the night was passed in dancing, drinking
and debauchery." In another case a
French priest said to a mother: "How
could you eat the flesh of your own
children?" She answered, coolly: "And
who had a better right—est ce que je
n'en ai pas moi aussi?"
—N. Y. Truth.

THE REVOLVER.
Result of Some of the Teachings of Our
Time.
May we not see, in the recent murder-
ous assault in the counting-room of the
San Francisco Chronicle, the result of
the teachings of our time? Here is the
speckle. Like thousands of other
young men, he carries a highly-dang-
erous "self-acting" revolver. Should
any one apply to him a certain epithet,
that man would surely fall under the
young man's rapid fire. Why? Be-
cause the young man has no respect for
the law. He is intelligent. He puts
things together. He says: "Nobody
who is anybody is ever hanged. He
goes to jail, but he is not hanged."
Hence, if he has money, he is never
wounded. And is not the lad right?
Who, since Dr. Webster, among the
better classes, has been executed for
murder? And what cowardly assassi-
nations have we not heard of the war-
riors, as it has been called, of the
nothing, the jury has always found that
it was nothing, or when, after deliver-
ing a decision in favor of a defendant,
a Supreme Judge has been slain at the
foot of his bench, by a plaintiff, the
jury has affected to believe that the
slayer was crazy at the moment he
wreaked his vengeance. Horrible acts
among the young men thus educated to
lawless work are at last bringing the
people to their senses. It is no uncon-
mon thing for the managing editor of a
great daily to nowadays direct the
workers in his telegraph-room that they
"cut down the hangings," put down
in the supplement, scatter the criminal
news, and in other commendable ways
to distract the minds of the people from
the bloody business which hath so
formed their eyes that they can no
longer see the figure of Justice sitting
with equal scales.—Current.

IRON ORES OF BRAZIL.

A Deposit of 2,000,000,000 Tons of the
Useful Metal.
The iron ores of the province of Minas,
Brazil, are remarkable for their ex-
traordinary abundance, their richness,
and their purity. They are to be found
almost everywhere in the center of the
province; sometimes in outcrops of
enormous extent, often worked into
a great depth by the gold miners in
search of the precious metal; sometimes
deposited in large masses in the bed and
upon the banks of rivers, the floods of
which carry them away and scatter them
over other localities. In many places
they constitute the track of the roads,
the dust of which sparkles so brilliantly
during certain hours of the day that the
eye can scarcely bear to look upon it.
So abundant is this ore, and so ready to
hand, that large quantities of it are used
as building stone; this is notably the
case in the town of Ouro-Preto. Man-
ganese is always found in these
ores, often only as a trace, but some-
times in considerable quantities, as
in some samples of the iron ore of
Sweden, Algeria and the Pyrenees, may
be had for the labor of picking them up.
In some places they crop out from the
hill-sides, as at Pituangu, for example,
where, thanks to the labor of the gold-
miners, the outcrop of a bed 450 to 600
feet thick may be seen at one view,
over an extent of several miles. In
other places, covering an immense ex-
tent of country, occurs "canga," a su-
perficial deposit, the thickness of which
is often as great as twenty-five or thirty
feet. Everywhere the streams carry
down and deposit the most valuable
iron, ready washed for whoever will
take the trouble to collect it. Mr.
Gorceix estimates the mass of deposits
at the foot of the Serra de Caraca at
8,000,000,000 tons. But without such
estimates, whoever has travelled
through these regions must necessarily
have come away with the impression
that the deposits are practically inex-
haustible.

Unfortunately for this country, so
rich in metallic ores, no coal exists in
the neighborhood of these deposits.
Lignite of good quality, is found in
certain places, in beds of workable
thickness. But this has only future in-
terest when the industry shall have
been sufficiently developed to use the
fuel in gaseous form. But there is an
abundance of wood, and wood charcoal
must be the fuel employed in the reduc-
tion of these ores. The extensive
forests of the province of Minas are ca-
pable of supplying fuel on a large scale
for many years to come without the
material rising much in value. Hence
it will be possible to carry on metallur-
gical operations for a long time very
cheaply by means of wood fuel.

It is added that water power is abundant
and easily utilized in this mountainous
country. At present the means of
transport are insufficient; but a railway
will shortly be completed up to the
boundary of the mountainous district, and
commercial enterprise only is needed to
continue it into the heart of that region.
—Annales des Mines.

AN OHIO SQUASH YARN.
A Tall Story Which Scattered a Crowd,
and Made the Grocer Take Down His
Shot-Gun.
Yesterday a lot of men were seated in
the "corner grocery," when their atten-
tion was attracted to a pumpkin which
was just then brought in. Being of an
uncommonly large size, it set the more
talkative ones to telling "squash yarns."
After somebody had told a very extraor-
dinary one about a squash that weighed,
as he solemnly asserted, seven hundred
and ninety-nine pounds, an old fisher-
man arose and addressed the assembly:
"My very good friends, I can tell best
sich squash yarn as that, 'way yander.
W'y," he went on, "when I was playin'
my trade in the West Indies, I kept a
kind of squash seed, which I always
planted a little before my reg'lar fishin'
seasons. Well, then in 'bout a week,
in that hot country, Mr. Squash had got
a good start, and I took him by the helm
and steered 'em toward the water where
I wanted to do my fishin'."

"Only one squash grew on this 'un,
but I tied a big lump of cork to keep
'im afloat. Ye see, the blame thing
grewed so fast that it just dragged the
squash over the water like double-gear
lightnin'! Thinks I, 'I'd better be a go-
in if I ketch you; so I jumped into my
boat, first tryin' to cut the fish line to
the vine as it rushed past me. I hed to
row for all I was worth to ketch up with
him, he had got under such headway.
Howsomever, I got round on the lee
side of it, as it glided onward toward
the settin' sun, and veered it square
around with an oar, and headed the
thing for port agin'."

"I hed mighty hard work to keep the
side of my boat from getting stove in
by the squash a carin' around so; but
when I got it started she went for the
land at the rate of forty knots an hour.
"This I did, so as to land my fish,
which I could plainly see, jerkin' my
reelable trollin' line about sixty ways
a minute. It took that time just three
seconds to grow back again to the
shore, and the distance was three miles.
This squash, contrary to all my expec-
tations, didn't stop when it touched the
ground, but took the overland trail,
draggin' vine, cork, fish and all. It
was a beautiful sight to see the speckled
shiners go sailin' across lots, mixed in
with the em'rald green of the squash
leaves, floppin' again one another an'
glitterin' in the sunshine."

"I didn't hev much time to admire
it, fer I see that I was 'lible to lose the
benefit of my catch, so I got ashore
quick and cut the vine to stop the thing,
but I found out afterwards that the
squash had knocked down seven huts,
killed a dog, and crippled three natives
for life who tried to stop it."

"When I got to my fish I found to
my astonishment that ev'ry blamed one
of 'em 'by rubbin' over the 'un, and so fast
hed been cooked to a nice brown,
and—"

But when this disciple of truth
gazed around to see the effect of his
words, not a man, with the exception
of the grocer, who had taken down his
shot-gun, was left. His audience had
silently departed by the back door.—
Toledo Blade.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

A Lover of Nature Visits the Sweet Singer
in the Florida Pine.
Near the mouth of the St. Mark's
River, as I lay under a small tree, a
mocking-bird came and lit on the top
of a neighboring bush, and sang for me
its rarest and most wonderful combina-
tion, called by the negroes the "drop-
ping song." Whoever has closely ob-
served the bird has noted its "mounting
song," a very frequent performance,
wherein the songster begins on the
lowest branch of a tree and appears
literally to mount on its music, from
bough to bough, until the highest spray
of the top is reached, where it will sit
for many minutes flinging upon the air
an ecstatic stream of almost infinitely
varied vocalization. But he who has
never heard the "dropping song" has
not discovered the last possibility of the
mocking-bird's voice. I have never
found any note of this extremely in-
teresting habit of the bird, by any
ornithologist, a habit which I sus-
pect, occasional, and connected
with the most tender part
of the mating season. It is, in a measure,
the reverse of the "mounting song," be-
ginning where the latter leaves off. I
have heard it but four times, when I was
sure of it, during all my rambles and pa-
tient observations in the chosen
haunts of the bird; once in North Geo-
rgia, twice in the immediate vicinity of
Tallahassee, Florida, and once near the
St. Mark's River, as above mentioned.

As at several other times heard the
song, as I thought, but not being able to
see the bird, or clearly distinguish the
peculiar notes, I cannot register these as
certainly correct. My attention was first
called to this interesting performance
by an aged negro man, who, being with
me on an egg-hunting expedition, cried
out one morning, as a burst of strangely
rhapsodic music rang from a haw thick-
et near our extemporized camp, "Ida'n,
mars, le'n, dar, he's a-droppin', he's a-
droppin', sho's yo' bo'n'!" I could
not see the bird, and before I could get
my attention rightly fixed upon the song
it had ended.

Something of the rare aroma, so to
speak, of the curiously modulated trills
and quavers lingered in my memory,
however, along with Uncle Jo's graphic
description of the bird's actions. After
that I was on the lookout for an oppor-
tunity to verify the negro's statements.
I have not exactly kept the date of my
first observation, but it was late in
April, or very early in May, for the
crab-apple trees, growing wild in the
Georgian hills, were in full bloom and
spring had come to stay. I had been
out since the first sparkle of daylight.

The sun was rising, and I had been
speaking of the curiously modulated trills
and quavers lingered in my memory,
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